THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Deacon & Peterson, Publishers,
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Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance.
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EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

CLUBS—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS SEE PROSPECTUS ON NEXT PAGE.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXIV. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1854. WHOLE NO. 1739.

Choice Poetry.

BY THE ALMA RIVER.

(Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1854, by EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.)

CHAPTER XXIII.—CONTINUED.

They walked on, speaking softly of many things, of the beauty of the night, the unusual warmth, of ripeness, of anything except the one interest that was uppermost in both hearts. The fear of startling her bashful trust, and banishing those bewitching glances that sometimes lighted on her face, made him cautious and restrained his eagerness; while excessive timidity prevented her from speaking aloud, with flushes, and her hurried vibrating sweet, mild voice, like the strings of some sullen harp, that sings only to the touch.

He determined, during that walk, to plead to have, and therefore to take. Any but timid approach the subject, when at every ardent glance of love, but true, her heart shrank and closed up, like the flower at the sensitive plant.

So they rambled on, discovering new beauties in nature, now it would be merely an oak and of rare richness of coloring, now some fine insect with dazzling wings, now a bird, or a stone of the driest branch of a tree that Thurston pledged his word to climb for her, now a climbing shrub to the grey line, or the sweetness and lines of grace in its twisted form—the beauty of its leaves, and finally the flowers, kept it would be the mingled colors in the bright and various leaves drifted at the foot of some great tree.

And then from the fantastic loveliness of nature's sweet, small things, their talk would wander to the great glory of the autumnal sky, the magnificence of the gorgeous sunset, and Thurston knew a beautiful simile, not for display, but, to the left of their path, from which there was a very high hill. And he asked if she felt up his companion. And he led Marian thither by a circuitous route, somewhat wearisome, but not dangerous.

It was a natural mountain, covered with trees which, down a small, descending vista, between the trees, could be seen the beautiful sunset, the open country near it, all glowing under a reflected and golden light with the golden rays of Indian Summer. Below them the upper branches of the nearest trees formed a natural arch above the path.

Marian stood and gazed upon the wondrous beauty of the scene with soft, steady eyes, with lips breathless with the perfect stillness and growing emotion.

"Is it not glorious, too?" said Thurston.

She looked, without removing her gaze.

"You find it charming?"

She nodded again, and smiled.

"You were never here before."

"Never."

"Marian, you are a lover of nature."

"I do not know," she said, softly, "whether I am a lover of nature or not; but, until now, I never quite spoke to her. I stand amidst a scene like this enchanted, until my soul has absorbed so much of its beauty that I can never forget it, I can give. As the Ancient Mariner held with his skinny grasp the wedding guest, so does a picture holds me enchanted until I have heard the story and learned the lesson it has to tell, and touch it. But I am strong in the midst of nature's liberal manifestations, feel your spirit of freedom and grandeur rising for it to unfold a Titanic notion of mine that beauty is the food of soul."

She leaned her eloquent eyes full upon him. He forgot his prudence, forgot his silence, forgot everything but the moment and the hour. In his bosom, pressing passionate kisses upon her lips, and the next instant he was kneeling before her, and she, in her bashful fear, was trying to withdraw her hands.

Marian stood with her face turned and hidden in her hands; but above the tips of her fingers her forehead, crimsoned, might be seen. The half her cheek that had escaped and rippled down upon her bosom in glittering disorder. And as she stood a few moments, but soon removing her hands and turning away, she said, in a troubled tone:

"Rise, Mr. Rose! kneel to my creature—that homage is due the Creator alone—oh! rise."

"First pardon me, first hear me, beloved girl."

"Oh! rise—rise, I beg you. I cannot bear to see a man on his knee, except in prayer to God," she said, waking away.

He sprang up and followed her, took her hand, and with gentle compulsion, made her sit down upon a bank, and then he took beside her, exclaiming eagerly, vehemently, yet in a low, half smothered tone:

"Marian, I love you. I never spoke these words to woman before, for I never loved before. Marian, the first moment that I saw you I loved you, without knowing what love life it was that had kindled in my nature. I have loved more and more every day! I love you more than words can tell or heart conceive! I love you more than life, for life would not be worth acceptance apart from you. I only live in your presence—Marian! not one word or glance for me! Oh! speak—turn your dear face towards me," he said, putting his hand gently around her head. "speak to me, Marian, for I adore, I worship you."

"I do not deserve to be loved in that way. I do not wish it, for it is wrong—idolatrous," she said, in a low, trembling voice.

"Oh, what do you mean? Is the love upon which my life seems to hang so offensive to you? Say, Marian! Oh! you are conscientious by nature—how can you keep me in the tortures of suspense?"

"I do not keep you so."

"You will let me love you?"

Marian slipped her hand in his—that was her reply.

"You will love me?"

For all answer she gently pressed his fingers. He pressed her hand to his heart—to his lips—covering it with kisses.

"Tell, oh! speak to me, dearest, let me hear from your lips that you love me a little—but little! then I deserve. Will you? Say, Marian. Speak, dearest girl."

"I cannot tell you!" she said, in a low, thrilling tone. "I am distracted—wild—grave—thoughtful—and happy—all by turns."

One more passionate kiss of the hand he clasped, and then he helped her to her feet, drew her arm within his own, and led her by the most-crossed rocks that formed the natural steps of the ascent that led to the homeward path.

They were now near the verge of the forest, when Marian, pausing, said, "Before we leave even from his gaze, and extending her hand, said:

"This is the place our roads part."

"But you will let me attend you home."

"Would it not be more convenient to Edith to-day?" said Marian, quickly drawing her hand from his detaining grasp, waving him adieu, and walking swiftly away across the meadow.

Thurston gazed after her, strongly tempted to follow her; yet something told him that if he had she had declined his escort to the cottage, and thanking Heaven that the opportunity would again be afforded to take an "incidental" stroll with her, as she should walk to church on Sunday morning, and so forward, the resolution to haste the forest-path from which she had turned, and hurrying until he should see her. Thurston hurried home.

And how was it with Marian? She hastened on, the evening fell on her bosom and shawl, and set herself at work as diligently as usual, but a higher bloom glowed on her cheek, a warmer, sweeter smile hovered around her lips, and her eyes were bright with love as a star.

"A dream was on her soul." A feeling of solitude contained a sense of being at home on this earth—of being loved, and loving in return. She had never felt since in childhood that she was not alone in the world, but felt her love no longer as before, a stranger and a pilgrim upon earth, caring about doing good, loving all mankind, but unloved, unloving, and now no longer alone. She was beloved—she had found her mate—she had found her soul—and now no longer alone. She was thrilling anew that God had shaped her form—and various and fruitful were in their fragrance—and generous with great exultation even in their strength, that God had filled the earth with beauty for her eyes. Inose eyes that had gazed so fondly, passionately, prayerfully in love, pleading for her love, and that had looked upon her face in repressed and filled her soul with the blessed thought that she was beloved, loved in the heart—infinite content—beloved by one around whom—suffer he inexpressed—her own tender affections were to entwine, like the tendrils of the vine around the sturdy upon which she had seen once the bursting forth of the wild rose, and from the mouths of others the relation of his exile and glorious death—the high enlightening of the Divine Spirit, that had made her a sister of the divine branch of a tree that Thurston pledged his word to climb for her, some climbing shrub to the grey line, or the sweetness and lines of grace in its twisted form—the beauty of its leaves, and finally the flowers, kept it would be the mingled colors in the bright and various leaves drifted at the foot of some great tree.

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PROSPECTUS FOR 1855.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4TH, 1821.

WEEKLY EDITION 50,000 AND 90,000.

The long period of over THIRTY-THREE YEARS, during which the SATURDAY EVENING POST has been established, and its present extensive circulation, are considered to be sufficient guarantees to the public of its character, and to warrant the assertion that it has long since attained the position of a first-class family newspaper, and a most desirable medium for advertising. For the information of new subscribers, it may be stated that it is the oldest weekly publication in Philadelphia, and has been regularly issued every Saturday, without intermission, since the year 1821. It is printed on fine white paper, with new type, and contains the most interesting miscellaneous matter, carefully selected from the current literature of the day, both foreign and domestic, together with a correct and reliable compilation of the most important news of the week, and copious and interesting notices of the Arts, Sciences, Manufactures, Inventions, Improvements, Discoveries, Agriculture, Commerce, Finance, Markets, &c., &c., &c.

The Editorial Department is under the charge of the Proprietor, assisted by able and practical writers, and no pains will be spared to render it worthy of the high character it has heretofore maintained.

The Publication Office is at No. 66 South Third Street, Philadelphia, where all communications must be addressed, (POST PAID,) to

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR,
PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1854.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE NOT TO EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A WEEK REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the Post are $2. If paid in advance—$1. If not paid in advance, $2 50. To clubs, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms in Clubs, to be sent in the city to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

4 Copies,	$5.00 Per Annum.
8 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,)	10.00 "
13 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,)	15.00 "
20 " (and one to the getter up of the Club,	20.00 "

ADDRESS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time as those of the club. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all of the subscribers in each Club end at the same time—and thus prevent confusion.

The Terms must in all cases be strictly adhered to. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

Post Masters or others sending in Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address, when they can do so conveniently.

A NEW ARRANGEMENT.—Our agents will take notice that we now have no collecting agents, out of this State. They will therefore please remit to us direct.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, in which they live. *All letters must be post-paid.*

Subscribers wishing their paper changed, will please give the name of the Post-Office to be changed from, as well as the Post-Office to which it hereafter sent to.

We trust that each of our old friends in the Post-Masters, as do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, will show our Prospectus to other individuals, and responsible persons who will be willing to raise clubs, &c.

NOTICE.

Our Western friends will please not send to us for the tales of "*Fire Brands*" of Ida Glass, as our brokers buy them only at a very low discount for cash in New York.

They can safely send Gold, by carefully packing it otherwise attaching the pieces to the sheet, and also using a good envelope.

THE COMING YEAR.

By a reference to our Prospectus for 1855, in the preceding columns, our readers will perceive that the arrangements already made for the coming year are unusually extensive, and which we heretofore have had the privilege of laying before them. In addition to our old corps of contributors, we have engaged the services of other distinguished writers, and we feel confident that our efforts to please will be appreciated, and to do so much work with them, we impute to the habit of setting them in cold cold water early in the morning, but at night, when going to bed. After reading in the evening copious cold water to wash away the dust and inflammation of the eyes, and render them so strong and fresh as ever the next morning. For the information of those who have not seen Dr. Dr. Scott, a distinguished author of the work, which fixes in the eye required for the ventilation of the ear. This air is brought to contact with the eye, and thus the eye is going their actions are marvellously natural. Their voices are natural, and the whole figure shows that the inventor has carefully studied their characteristic movements. Every little wrinkles or waves from all nations, and the feelings of greater respect than formerly. The occasion is a happy one, and to the extent lodges" they could not be a

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE NOTARY. Published by J. C. Derby, New York and Buffalo.

In a brief notice of this new American novel, a few days since, we stated that the plot of the story was one of our peculiar institutions—the Notary Public—and that the author, Mr. Hall, had used the privileges of his office to make a novel. We have since had the pleasure of reading the book, and find that we were not altogether correct in our statement. The author has not used the privileges of his office to make a novel, but has made a novel in which the Notary Public is the principal character. The story is a very interesting one, and is well told. The author has evidently had a large experience in the duties of a Notary Public, and has made good use of it in the construction of his novel. The book is one that will be read with interest by all classes, and we can recommend it as a pleasant companion for a leisure hour.

THE LAWYER'S STORY. By John Trevor Hall. Published by J. C. Derby, New York and Buffalo. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

The publication of this volume was originally announced as a work of fiction, but we find it to be a collection of the personal experiences of the author, as a lawyer, in the practice of his profession. The volume contains a number of the most interesting cases that have been tried in the courts of this city, and which have excited the attention of the community at large, and, as the book states, has been peculiar way of thinking in regard to the matter.

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SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1854.

General News.

ANOTHER APPALLING DISASTER!

WRECK OF THE NEW ERA.

FEARFUL LOSS OF LIFE!

On the night of the 12th inst., the ship New Era, from Bremen, for New York, was wrecked in a thick fog, off Deal, on the Jersey shore, and out of about 400 souls on board—(crew and passengers)—only 155 were saved, and among this number, there was not a single child, although there were quite a number on board. In the subjoined statements of the Captain of the New Era, and several others, the heart-rending details of the terrible disaster are narrated:

STATEMENT OF CAPT. THOMAS J. HENRY.

We sailed from Bremen on the 28th of September—after having laid in the roads since the 19th of the same month—with 374 steerage, six second-cabin, and five cabin passengers. Our cargo consisted of 600 tons of chalk, and 20,000 cubic feet of Bremen merchandise. During the whole of the passage we had heavy gales from the westward, and, about the 29th of October, were struck by a sea, which swept everything fore and aft, as we were laying-to. It stove the passengers' cooking-range, killed several of the passengers who were in the caboose at the time, and injured several of the crew. It also stove the main hatch covering. The passengers killed were all of the steerage. The shock of this sea caused us to spring a leak, and by the time we had got off the American coast, she leaked enough to keep our pump going all of the time. The last observation which I took was on Friday last, when I was in 66 deg. W. lon. 40 deg. 50 min. lat. Since that time I was prevented from taking an observation on account of the thick and rainy weather. On Saturday, judged the ship to be in 72 deg. 30 min. lon., 40 deg. 25 min. lat. On Saturday night we had a strong wind from the eastward, which changed to south-east at about midnight, and the wind began to blow and the rain to fall heavily. The lead was thrown every hour, and I supposed the ship to be on the coast of Long Island, and I carried a heavy press of sail to keep her off. At 5½ o'clock on Monday morning, on sounding, we found that we were in from thirteen to fifteen fathoms of water. At 6 o'clock, the weather being very thick and the sea rough, we struck. The first mate was on the deck some ten minutes before the vessel struck. I was in the cabin, about going on deck myself, when all at once I heard him ask the watch forward, what it was that looked so light forward? On hearing this I immediately jumped on deck, and then, for the first time, heard them cry out "Breakers!" I at once ordered the wheel up, and in the same moment the ship struck. I at once caused the yards to be braced aback, to get her off, but we only thumped further on. She went head on, made two or three thumps, and swung around broadside to, and I found that she was hopelessly aground. The sea at once commenced breaking over her side, breaking up everything upon the deck. I got the passengers up out of the between-decks to the main deck. I then ordered a boat to be lowered, in order to get a line ashore. We got the line into the boat, and the crew, first mate, cook, and five men rowed ashore, but in going let go the line; they subsequently said that they did this in order to save themselves. The boat reached the shore all right, but the sea ran too high for them to return in safety. Within half an hour after the first boat had left, the remainder of the crew, with one or two exceptions, seized the other two boats and deserted me, taking with them two of the cabin passengers. After the crew had deserted me, the people on shore attempted to launch a surf-boat to come to our assistance. Then they fired a shot over us from the mortar—the attempt at launching the surf-boat having failed. This was also unsuccessful. The first shot went ahead; several of the following shots were useless—the wire connecting the line to the ball breaking. Near noon a line was thrown over us, and, with the assistance of the passengers, we hauled a stouter line on board. By this means we hauled a life-boat from the shore, but when it reached us it was full of water. I jumped into it to bale it out, when I found the passengers crowding on me, and I slacked the line out a little, and ordered those on shore to haul her out from the ship. They did so, and we got the boat ashore with the loss of five persons. The boat capsized twice in going ashore, and finally the line of connection between the ship and the shore parted. Five persons, together with myself, were, with great difficulty, saved. The boat, in capsizing, turned me under, and it was some time before I got out; at length I succeeded in mounting ...

POLITICAL NEWS.

NEW YORK.—At length it seems to be settled that Clark (Whig) is elected Governor of New York, by a plurality variously stated at 288, 277, 272, and thereabouts. It is so small that any important variation in the official returns from New York city may elect Seymour, (Dem.) The Albany Argus (Dem.) says: "The election of Mr. Clark may therefore be regarded as a 'fixed fact'—subject only to the contingencies of extremely unusual occurrences.

"It is somewhat remarkable that the majority against Governor Seymour now is very near the precise vote by which he was defeated by Gov. Hunt, in 1850.

"The official returns from all the counties, except Schuyler and Putnam, foot up as follows on Governor:

Clark,	154,909	Ullman	121,070
Seymour,	154,598	Bronson,	33,283

"In all, 464,101. The two counties not included will probably swell the aggregate to 468,000 or thereabouts."

For Lieutenant Governor the vote in 52 counties is 125,540 for Raymond, Whig; 87,828 for Ludlow. This, however, does not include New York and Brooklyn cities. In all but 8 counties, the vote for Canal Commissioner is, Fitzhugh, Whig, 142,747; Clark, Administration Democrat, 108,872; Williams, National Democrat, 52,883; Burnham, American, 90,866.

MASSACHUSETTS.—The Gubernatorial vote in all but five towns shows the result to be as follows: Washburn, Whig, 26,848; Gardner, K.N., 86,642; Wilson, Repub., 6,686; Bishop, Dem., 13,467; Wales, 314; scattering, 759. Gardner's majority over all others, 32,745. The lower house of the Legislature, with one town only to hear from, stands thus: Whigs, 4; Know Nothings, 357; Democrat, 1; Republican, 1.

All the eleven members of Congress elect are Anti-Nebraska; one of them (Banks) formerly a Democrat; the residue about half and half Free Soilers and Whigs. Of the old members ten were candidates for re-election, but only two (Banks and De Witt) were chosen. Here is the list:

[illegible]

FOREIGN NEWS.

[illegible]

Marriages.

[illegible]

Deaths.

[illegible]

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

[illegible]

THE STOCK MARKET.

[illegible]

NEW YORK MARKETS.

[illegible]

Bank Note List.

[illegible]

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

[illegible]

OUR POPULAR FAMILY JOURNALS.

[illegible]

BARNUM'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

THE LIFE OF P. T. BARNUM,

[illegible]

THE GREAT BOOK OF THE DAY.

"THE PRIDE OF LIFE,"

BY LADY SCOTT,

[illegible]

NEWSPAPERS AND MAGAZINES. A. WINCH,

[illegible]

GRAHAM'S American Magazine, THE PATRIARCH OF AMERICAN MONTHLIES.

[illegible]

MAGNIFICENT PREMIUMS. GREAT NATIONAL ENGRAVING,

[illegible]

THE GIRARD COLLEGE.

THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON.

[illegible]

J. E. GOULD, 164 CHESNUT ST., PHILADELPHIA,

[illegible]

A PROFOUND SENSATION ABOUT TO BE PRODUCED.

THE KNOW NOTHING!

[illegible]

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, FOR 1855

[illegible]

CHEAP WATCHES AND JEWELRY.

VALUABLE WORKS.

BARNUM'S AUTO-BIOGRAPHY, NEARLY READY FOR PUBLICATION, P. T. BARNUM,

[illegible]

CHARLES H. GALLAGHER,

[illegible]

THE LITTLE PILGRIM.

[illegible]

JOSEPH E. McILHENNEY & SON, DENTISTS, No. 227 ARCH STREET.

JAMES BARBER'S WHOLESALE AND RETAIL CLOCK ESTABLISHMENT, PHILADELPHIA.

ROOT'S FREE GALLERY.

PALMER'S PATENT LEG.

F. H. SMITH,

CABINET WAREHOUSE. GEORGE J. HENKELS,

IMPORTED FRENCH AND DOMESTIC MANUFACTURED FURNITURE, AT THE LOWEST CASH PRICES.

[illegible]

Selected Poetry.

THE CALIFORNIAN'S SONG OF LABOR.

The eastern sky is blushing red,
The cocks are crowing,
The break is murmuring in the bed,
In the farm yard lowing,
To tune the pickaxe and the spade,
And men "come" were singing
And with enthusiasm, the shoulders strain,
A song of labor swinging.

The mountains are in mist and bush;
I ascended alone head o'er us,
Broad pleasure, rich in bright and gold,
Lies temptingly before us;
Then lightly go the pick and spade
With renewed strength and unity;
A golden "pile" is quickly made,
Wherever stones are "country land."

We ask no magic Midas' wand,
No wizard's sorcery,
The patience, spade, and unwary hand,
Are sovereign in mining.
We bear no hand and valiant pride,
No bugle heads to stir the blood,
The basic, we trust, though growing old,
Will better pay by and by.

There is no smelter the fine ores,
A fair stand the mountain,
Where from the hillside, rich in gold,
Are swelling melting streams
A mighty army of the hills,
Like some strong giant labors
To gather spoil for unseen use,
And not by violent exploits

When labor closes with the day,
To mingle fair returning,
We gather in a merry group
Around the camp-fires burning;
The mountain red sun sweet is night,
The stars more bright above us,
We think of home and feel content
By dream of those who love us.

—*Sacramento State Journal.*

Selected Articles.

PLEASURES OF A CAMPAIGN.

The following extracts from letters written by members of the English Expedition in the Crimea, give a lively idea of the peculiar tastes pleasures of our warlike neighbors. The first is from a Medical Gentleman:

HEADACHE ABOVE SEBASTOPOL, Oct. 2.

Many of our seniors are undeniably alarmed for our campaigning. Small, from colds, is quite gone—grumbling is their daily, nightly, hourly forte, from want of practice, considerably blunted; sight, from sleeping with one eye open, and looking out for number one and the devil, ditto, ditto. Although many have escaped from the fire of the enemy, to have all their goods in our enemy's canoe, and we are deserted in numbers of the most vulgar description, whom in former days we associated with paupers, and the other tribes belonging to the large body of the unwashed—but the rattling down the down pours has descended from his high estate, and when we remember how in all the pride of gold and red cloth, it would be difficult to recognize him in the faded and tattered object united by the bivouac fire, smoking his pipe, and thinking and dreaming of home and happier times. This young gentleman, Marvel, of the Grampian Hills, who longed to fasten to his field some warlike lord, would, I suspect, be satisfied with a short staff of our sorts, and be glad to have to feel his father's cloak. The commissariat are at their old tricks. We have been in the habit of giving our tea and sugar regularly served, which were great luxuries; but this morning they have served out green coffee beans. How do they expect men, in a campaign like this, to roast and grind them? Of course, they are thrown away. If they would serve our tobacco it would be highly appreciated by the men, as in their present state it is almost a necessary. I heard, the other day, a team hotter his tea, sugar and rum, for the price of tobacco. A great misfortune to me, but the other day, having lain down to sleep for a short time, my tobacco-pouch, pretty thing from my harem, was stolen, a great misfortune to me, about which I was not silent; but, during my last evening, a fellow officer kindly placed seven sticks of tobacco under my head, and I was myself again.

TRUE OFFICER.

All the luxuries of life are quite unknown now in the British army. "Well," said a Scotch gentleman, worth £9,000 a year, "that the Simoons would come so, for I've not had a cheroot for a fortnight." The transport trailes fabulous prices, and in fact many instances make a stand for the comforts of the army. Two pounds for a cheese, and £1 for a bottle of brandy, are common prices. Candles, too, and tobacco are in great request, especially the latter. —Please to let me on board," cried a sergeant alongside one of our merchant steamers. "I'm the purser's cousin." On being admitted, he at once begged pardon for the assertion—but sure," said he, "I know you wouldn't let me come in unless I belonged to somebody; and the boys are all wanting a bit of tobacco." He went off with enough to last him many a day. The officer, however, are worse off than common Jacks, and one can picked up in the fields, more than any could find for two days.

FROM A CAVALRY OFFICER.

We've come to the upper and not to our native. I have plenty of comrades and companions, and buckle enough to get a corner of meat, but for the charity of my neighbors; however, I must say it, we have no washing utensils, no dressing-rag, no clothes. I generally cut off a piece and wash the bit of a shirt I have on in the pretty near shaving. One thing we have in plenty—pepper; there are hundreds of pepper-castors, and we gorge all our victuals with it. Cholera, which carries off some forty men daily, is decreasing, but it is doubtful yet. My regiment is a perfect skeleton. The days are sorry, very hot; the nights are very cold, and we have the heaviest rain I ever saw. We lie down in boots and spurs, and dress jackets, covered with a cloak, and our teeth chatter with the cold, that is sure. The cholera is still raging. At last accounts I had not been forty feet from the tent that day; but I only do outside the tent, and one officer died in it. The tent is a good one, and I am obliged to the kind grapes from the vineyards close at hand. The slates are now being put on the roofs, and the rattling continues—one man on our house in the dawn not an hour ago. Balaclava is the most miserable hole that ever existed. Provisions are very scarce and dear. There is no doubt that the Commander and Chief Pontiff is worried and annoyed about Alma, but cause no ignorance of it now that the fate from the Russian batteries at Balaclava is over, that the Duke of Cambridge ordered his division to retire—but not for John Campbell and The Highlanders never twice with an enemy in front, your Royal Highness," and on went the Highlanders with the shout, they made mincemeat of the Russians. That is the story.

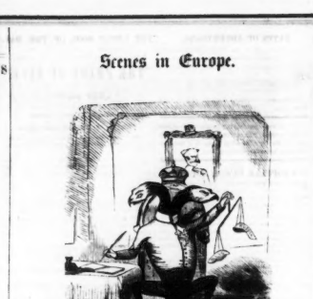
From the correspondent of The Morning Herald:

Cholera is committing the most fearful ravages. Nothing that we have yet seen of the disease at Varna in any way prepared us for such a visitation as the present. For the last week or fortnight we have been afraid to stir from our tents by hundreds daily. The French are not suffering near so much, though still their loss is heavy. I met the Zouaves with an reduced three or four of the officers, and about 300 men having carried off by the terrible disease. Two days ago not less than 10,000 of our men were on the sick list, and that out of about 27,000 sorry fit for duty. The same has also become very prevalent—in fact, no one knows from one hour to the other what hands more than three or four days at a time. This unusual sickness—and, almost all the troops have nothing else—is attributed to fatigue, exposure and privation which all the troops have undergone during the campaign.

The Times of the Czarina—By the latest from northern countenances, that is looking visor like that at court at once shows that it was primarily the resistance and a nonentity. And if we said to admit that falling from the knees, and also from, as born from a mere observance or subjects to rulers, and in a form will gone through to our own Queen at every opportunities, we must infer, what gave character of the entire their supports, that it is so arranged as to be a government. As the court has been contracted from enormous intricacies by the motion has been contracted from a pile ring of three to five, and dragging by those the knee towards the front. Moreover, when an empress visits the court of a lady in the first stand one a peasant girl makes, which, if noticed, may have been done on both knees, we may see the lady in the contrary. Our present reverence required of such.

☞ The St. Louis Republican says that a few days ago, a man and his wife in their fine carriage engaged in arranging a separation. The principal difficulty was the baby, which the woman tearfully suggest as he allowed to keep, while the man eagerly refused. At length, the wife almost threw the child into the husband's arms, and exclaimed, "Take it, I can soon have another!"

Scenes in Europe.



The Emperor of Austria, hearing the first news of the taking of Sebastopol, indites a congratulatory letter to the Emperor Napoleon. The Austrian Eagle is not only double-headed, but double-tongued also. If the war should turn against the Allies, doubtless it will swallow with one mouth what it uttered with the other.

THE MAGNET AND COLD.

History informs us that many of the countries of Europe, which now possess very mild climates, were at one time experienced severe cold, during this season of the year. The Tiber at Rome was often frozen over, and snow at one time lay for forty days to that city. The Euxine Sea was frozen over every winter during the reign of Ovid, and the rivers Rhine and Rhone used to be frozen so deep that ice sufficiently loaded wagons. The waters of the Lake Rhone, on Rhone-ice, frozen over every winter, ice is unknown at Rome, and the waters of the Euxine Sea, which then existed, have entirely retained upon the rocks.

Some have ascribed these climatic changes to agricultural operations, the cutting down the dense forests, the exposure of the untutored soil to the summer rays, and the draining of the pasty marshes. We do not believe that such trivial changes could have been produced on the entire face of the globe by the causes, and we are not certain that any such theory can account for the northern change of climate, even in several winters—which history tells us have taken place in other countries than those named. Some have ascribed their variety from latitude to heat, but this is not the case.

A pamphlet by John Murray, civil engineer, has recently been published in London, in which he endeavors to account for these changes of climate by the changes and history of the magnetic poles. The magnetic variation or declination of the needle is well known. At the present time it amounts in London to about twenty-three degrees west of north; while in 1620 the line of variation in London England, and then moved gradually westward, until in 1815, in that year a great line of ice took place on the coast of Greenland. Hence it is inferred that the cold meridian, which now passes through Canada and Siberia, may at one time have passed through Italy, and that if the magnetic pole can return, so may the cold. In old times in Europe Rome may same name see her Tiber frozen over, and the merry Rhinelander dance upon the ice of the classic river.

Whether the changes of climate mentioned have been caused by the change of the magnetic meridian or not, we have too few facts to form a safe ground, to decide positively, but the idea, once spread abroad, will soon lead to observations and experiments, and the Great Artist cannot be improved upon.

In those of the press, let us encourage the free discussion of this and all other questions.—*Scientific American.*

THE HISTORY OF THE CORSET.

The corset had its origin in Italy and was introduced from that country into France by Catherine de Medicis. But, however, follow the fashion but it was at once understood by all the ladies of the court, that the corset was introduced by the beauty of the female figure, and was therefore to be worn by all those who wished to be considered elegant. Previous to this period, those days in its infancy, and was confined to the lengthened buttock alongside the hips, and the waist was considered a matter of little importance, which demanded the attention of the ladies. Catherine de Medicis, however, had a regularity and symmetry of form, and she would forfeit an engagement, to meet at an awkward servant or young country on a visit.

Life is made up of the little things. According to the character of the household the happiness or misery of the family is the composite of one extreme. Hence there are many who are unhappy, not because they have not much, but because they are disorganized. The presence of little lobbies and Sunday dresses, and the absence of the same, is the cause of all the trouble. Leaders, perhaps—I pause to ask—are not the most happy. Perhaps in the ranks of the social compact there is more happiness than in the higher circles. Perhaps the latter are unduly striving against the level of their condition.

Hope is the good—*be fair of!* This is a ruling error. Begin at the outset with the determination to be happy, and you have half the battle won. Look for joy in the present, and you will find it. Look for it in the future, and you will find it. Look for it anywhere, and you will find it. Look for it in the humblest home, and you will find it. Look for it in the humblest home, and you will find it. Look for it in the humblest home